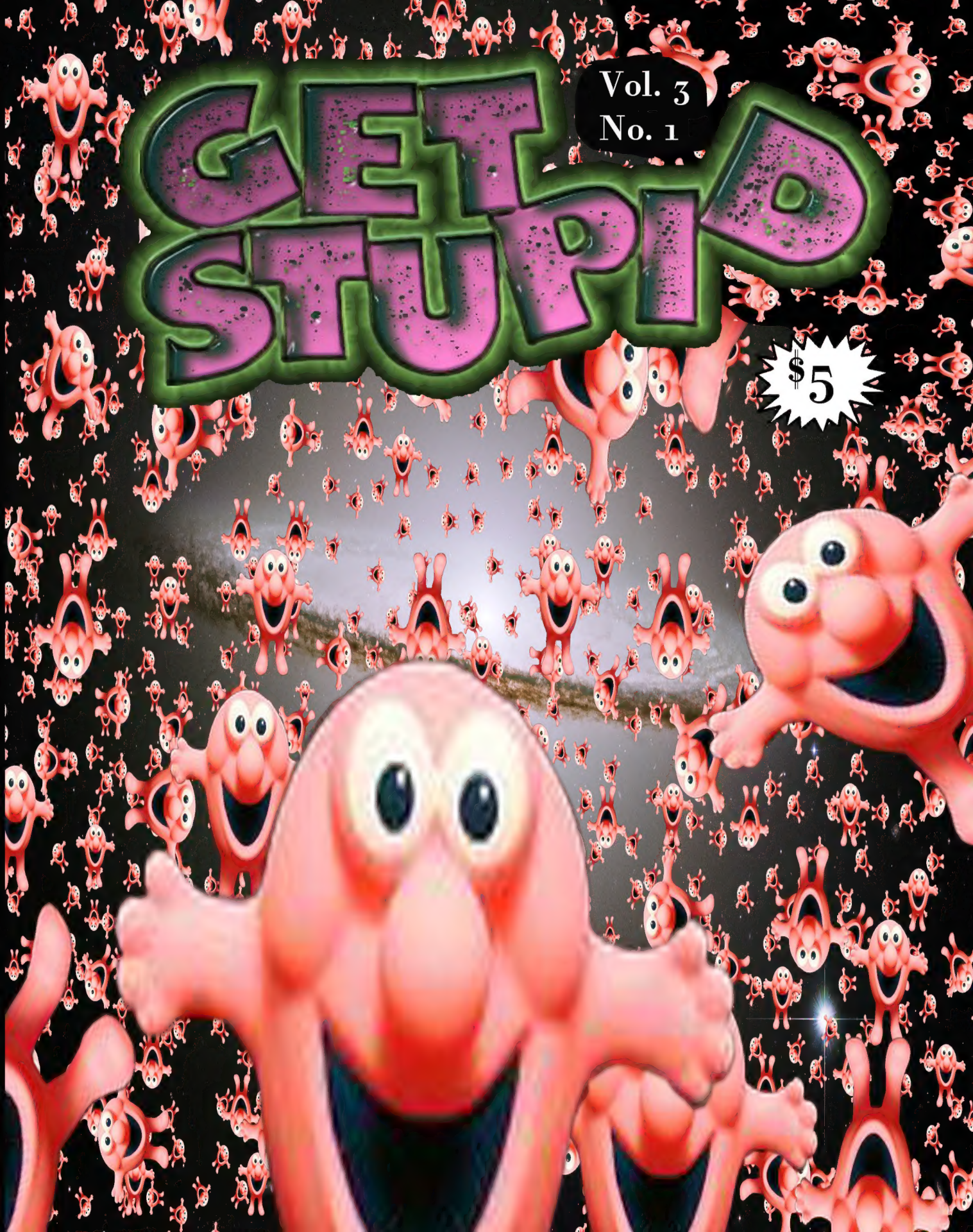


GET STUPID

Vol. 3
No. 1

\$5





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Printed in the good old US of A!

Nat's Flat Brass Clasps



Volume 6

Chapter 16: Skerske, The Alchemical Catalyst
An Imaginary Tale From A Parallel Universe

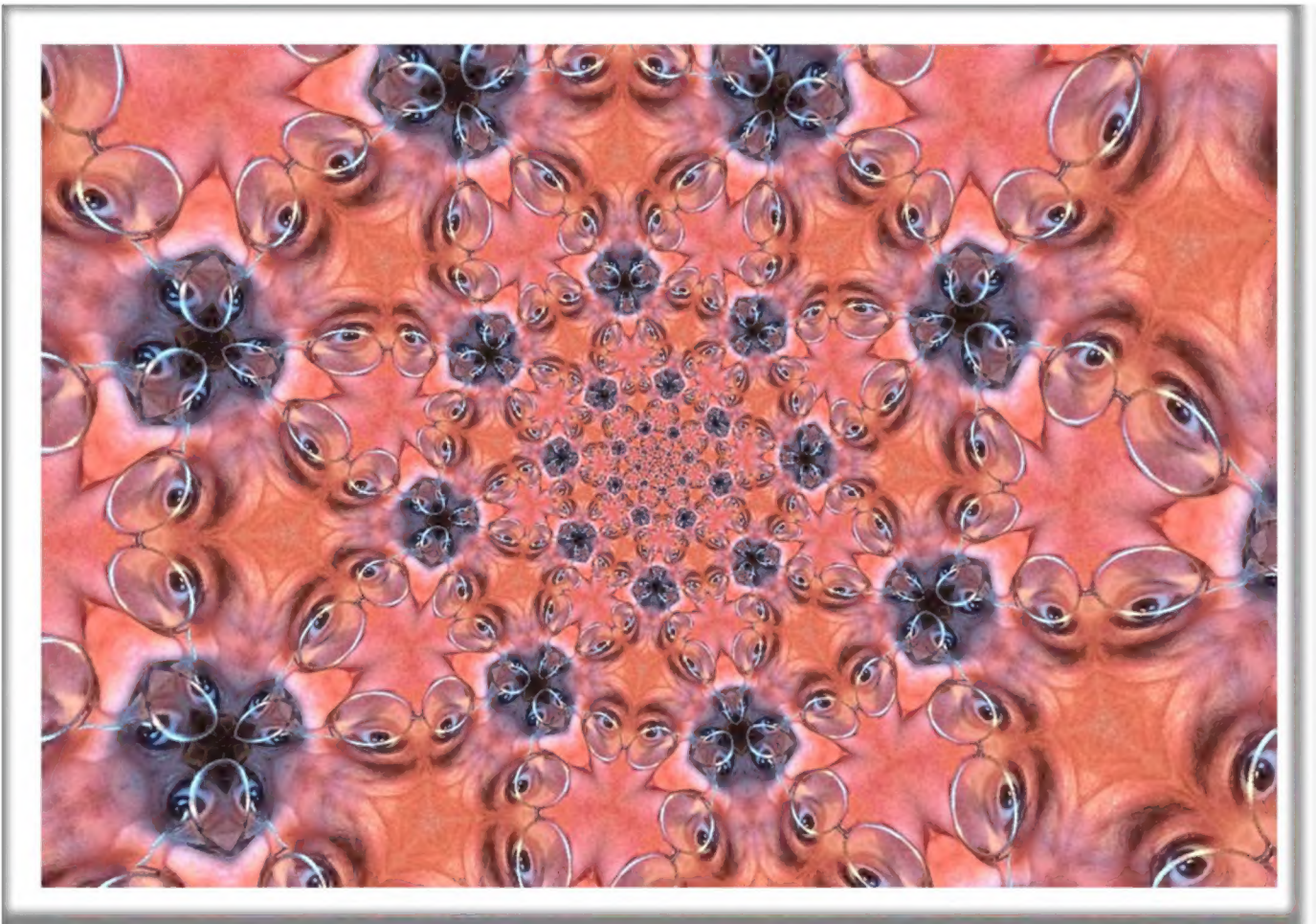
Clipped Cinnamon Crisps

Technical Salamanders Behoove Comatose Nematodes

Standing While Driving, Wait.

It was all it could be. And more.

Wallace looked on, startled as tart, cartelized sardines. Barbara gasped, grasping the bannister, ecstatic. This was nothing like Pig Night at the Sorority. This was simply the best King Crimson cover band anywhere near that part of the state.



The way the second guitarist, the one who wasn't the Fripp guy (who was not bad) shaped his haircut, and the goofy thing he did with his teeth, was definitely meant to invoke the spirit of Adrian Belew. And even though he was an above average guitarist in most respects, and he really was pretty good at making the "elephant" and "rhino" noises- and yes, it was believable that that part was, as Rick insisted, a plug-in- there was no hiding his distinctly different frame, head, everything. Maybe, at 5'3" and not as shy of 200 pounds as he wished, a good frame for Fred Flintstone, but a beanpole-skinny Indiana guitarist... ? Ah, but who was Wallace, to judge? Besides,, large parts of a "real" Crimson audience are known to routinely close their eyes and nod their heads like beatniks in a 1950's movie about jazz. So really, when you thought about it, the actual visuals were secondary. And where Wallace was going, Kemosabe, well, he brought his OWN visuals, built in, right behind his own eye-balls, yessiree.

It had been years since Wallace dropped acid. But with Chris AND Rick along, in the same city, for the first time since, fuck, what was it? 2006, since the three of them saw each other? He figured what the hell, even if he had a deadline Monday, he had his OWN schedule now, he didn't work for the corporate slave-drivers any more. Even if it meant that he was once again, at the age of 56, often as broke as he was when he was 26. Eh, a "business-head", Wallace was not, that was for sure.... oh but FUCK that stuff. Tonight, he was gonna kick back and party with his buddies like it was, oh, say, 1986. Woot! Yeah! Chris was on that particular "journey" with him, though Rick was bowing out of this one, having just gotten over being pretty sick. Wallace glanced over at Chris. Chris grinned like a Cheshire Cat and shot Wallace "the eyeball", as they called it; a sort of knowing, wide-eyed cartoon rictus that involved a raised eyebrow and something nearly like gurning, only more with the eyes, not unlike R. Crumb's cover of "Zap Comix" No. 2. It never failed to make Wallace crack up.

"Boing! Tilt! Sproing!" indeed. His Adam's apple throbbed, felt dry. ZOINK. Just matter of fact, all caps, just ZOINK, like big orange letters in the middle of the room, like a sofa. But not, no, nothing was there. He gulped. He could feel it coming. Little cartoon stars and sparkles in the air, just on the edge of

his peripheral vision. Hoo boy. He turned his head quickly. Ha. Elf on the shelf, just out of reach of realtime— what? Like you could hear a train whistle in the distance, little insane ideas seemed to be on the horizon. Everything was looking pretty normal, but it was on edge, electric, it had eyes, it was LOOKING at him, ready to sizzle or shock if you moved wrong, wasn't it? No, no. Calm down. Shit. Man. Getting paranoid, and you haven't even come on all the way man. Just relax man. *Let it happen.* Like Doctor Tim said.

And then, it did.

All it took was turning to the left. And then, it was like you were looking at an aquarium, and someone poured luminous blue dye into the water, a sub-lake that took over and quickly circulated 'til the whole water world became indigo.

Music melted Celtic aquamarine spleen ball peen blendhammer caramel “slurry-curry” bury berry jelly hell all over wherever heaven's clever geese in tin cups the size of breadbaskets tasked Cathy's sackful tactful “bowl full-of” overflow. The edges were filling in. Yes. As Joyce voiced, Yes. Oysters joined the chorus, as the Walrus and the rest careened and Carpentered, centered on arbitrary glances from bathing tailors, bashful, hanky-handed, ever dewey-eyed, mustached, like Keene depicting Karyn's classic caricature and Jose Carioca. Someone handed him some Maracas. Not only was he playing along, he was SOLOING! Wow!

Wallace was bemused. This WAS the “Good Cartoon” he and his friends always strove to achieve. And there they were. Opulent. Op Art. Note Audio: Opera!

Verisimilitude bespoke a plain beige square of pineapple juice from out of nowhere. Gertrude was gobsmacked, slatternly as Francesca's patterned plexiglas plastic vest, bejeweled, bedazzling, endless. But yes. As was Santa Fe's wont, so fey was Santa's favorite that fortune favored The Art's Champion, the charming “love bumpkin” (as the press called him) of Clark's acquaintance who had seduced the Social Register from Antwerp to Zelazny. Or at least, a Jolly Roger of some notoriety in his own mind, ever having had recently dreamed mastery in some

dastardly scabbard- clash, complete with scantily-clad lasses. But, like... cubed!Wow! Classy asses, ever ample, able- bodied lads and lasses who knew life and loved to laugh. Why not? Sow oats! Be bold! It was only human! The music grew, kaleidoscope perfect, deeeep, deep deep, purple and green, in the jungle stream.

The next thing Wallace experienced, the taxi smacked! through trackless tears of the city's progress. The sun was up. Noir rain, overcast, gob-smacked cobweb sky. Six hours had gone by and he had nothing to show for it but an empty wallet and the expected Trader Joe's fish fillets in his freezer. But...

Wait. How had the concert ended? He couldn't remember. There was nothing in between the acid coming on real hard during Thela Hun Ginjeet, and him being in this taxicab, three quarters of the way home. Fuck. It was that thing. A .. temporal blackout. But he hadn't blacked out... at least, not that he remembered. No bruises, no vomit on his clothes... Yet there it was. He was.. Missing Time. The dilemma common, oddly, to both UFO abductees and alcoholics.

Come to think of it, most of those UFO abductees he met that time seemed to be alcoholics. He made a mental note to look into that further. But and FUCK! What happened to Rick and Chris? Of course they couldn't come home with him, Nancy would have had a fit, and Chris and Nancy would have hissed and fought the whole time, so that was why they booked the hotel... So, yeah, Chris and Rick would be fine, presumably, in the hotel. Whew. Yes. Just to be safe, he dialed the hotel on his cel and asked for Chris's room. After several rings, a bleary-sounding Chris picked up. "What up, Wallace?", he wobbled, triggering a lysergic-echo.

"Nothin'," said Wallace, "I just wanted to make sure you were okay. I'm almost home, in the taxi, but... well, to be honest, I don't remember getting here."

"Yeah," yawned Chris, "Rick and me put you in the cab on our way back to the hotel. Man, that Chapel of Tantric Alchemy is really something."

"Wait, the what..?"

"That crazy 5th floor gallery, near the hotel."

"I... can't say I recall."

“After the blonde artist chick pulled the body mold from you, you started running around the gallery naked, saying ‘the atmosphere, the atmosphere!’.”

It all came rushing back to Wallace’s mind. Yes. He had been like a bird, in the egg of dental albumen, and then Skerske set him free. It was wonderful. But how would he explain this to Nancy?

The cabbie turned slightly towards him. “I’m gonna take the tunnel,” he said, “it’s faster tonight.” Wallace couldn’t help but notice that the cabbie was clearly, literally, a giant toad. Just then, a twinkie- sized mosquito that had previously escaped Wallace’s attention buzzed around the rear view mirror. The toad casually “Tth-THUP”ed it into his mouth with his long, sticky tongue.



“Mosquitos,” he said. “Can ya believe it? October, and we still got mosquitos”.

Dream Journal 3/4/2017



I have traveled to visit my mother. Not where she lived in Greenwich Connecticut, somewhere different. It seemed like a small town. Where she lived was sort of an apartment complex with wooden deck common avenues between the various houses. In the town, the complex was called the River House. They were full two or three storey houses, not just apartments. It was built in three tiers with Mom's house being on the second so there was a wood deck above her roof.

The upper tier houses got sun all day long. The houses on the bottom tier were always in twilighty gloom but they were always nice and cool in summer. The entire thing was huge and stretched for most of a mile snaking through the town along the edge of a narrow river. The tiers were connected by ramps. Many people used bicycles or roller



*My mother was
in middle age.*

skates to get from place to place in the complex. The avenue was fairly narrow so the house on the middle tier got sun in the morning and the afternoon.



*I was in my late teens, maybe
19 years old.*

My mother was glad to see me, but she also immediately put me to work. She had me straighten pictures and take out the trash. I was sent to the market to fetch various odd products, bags of thick, hard biscuits or wads of incredibly stinky cheese, sometimes large freshly caught and still flapping around fish. None of these were things she served me at meals.



People occupying some of the other houses were old family friends although their exact identities were obscure to me. One of them came by the house when Mom was out to invite us to dinner. He was known for his parties, picnics and barbecues. He had a big house on the upper tier. When Mom got back I told her about the invite. She warned me to behave myself when we went. He had some kids around my age, a son and two daughters, "but they are nice, not rude and crude like you!"



Later that day another man showed up. He said he needed my help with something important. The thing about this guy is that he was in a device that was something like the "lifter" rigs from the movie



Alien II but with much more hand like claws, and he was accompanied by a large, 9 foot tall or so and very broad, humanoid robot a little like Gigantor.

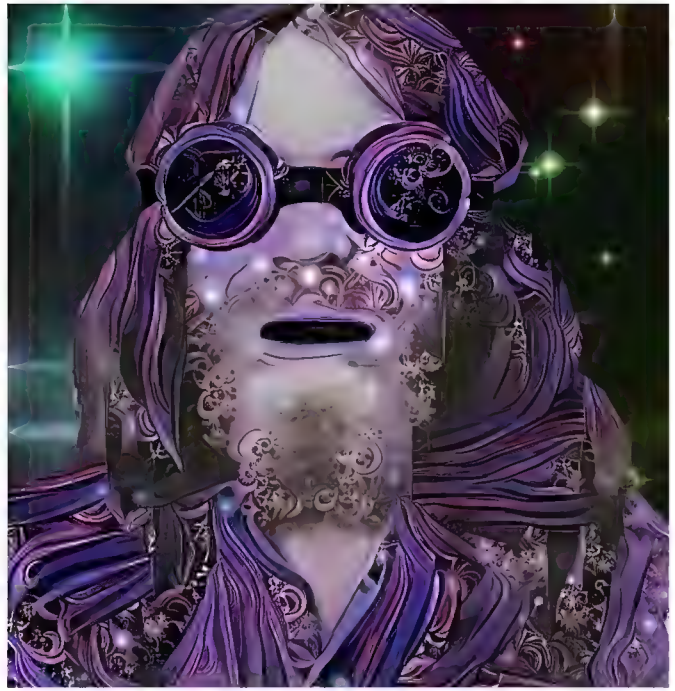
He was a private detective and was investigating something that had to do with my mother's property. I needed to go with him immediately. The robot made a grinding sound.

We went away from the River House into a more normal residential area and we were approaching a house. "This is the place" the man said. Just then I hear a shout. In the distance were two other men in lifters like the detective had spotted us and were pointing in our direction. "Damn!" the man said. "We can't waste any time! Follow me!"

He and the robot headed around the back of the house in long thumping strides as I ran behind. Around the back was a basement bulkhead that the man directed the robot to open. The robot tore the entire thing off with ease revealing broken steps going farther down that they seemed like they ought to given the standard suburban architecture of the house..



The robot handed me a pair of goggles and motioned for me to put them on.



They allowed me to see in dark and I saw that the detective was wearing a pair as well. We went down the stairs into near total darkness.

The other two were coming down behind us. They didn't have goggles like ours so we could see them, but they couldn't see us. One of our pursuers was wearing some sort of super hero costume with an emblem of a bird on his chest. The other was a guy in a suit and a fedora hat. He looked like a henchman in a Republic serial.

The detective said to me. "We'll hold them off, you go!" He and the robot engaged the other two claw to claw in battle. I ran off down a corridor.



I arrived at a small room that was well lit. My goggles were gone. There were two tables, they both had several random looking objects on them. There was a small monster, maybe three feet tall. He came out from behind one of the tables and pointed at me and said "Ha!" and I was now on one of the tables. I had been transformed into a small disc like a poker chip and I was in a glass box, but that was only for a few seconds.



I was someplace completely different. Somehow I knew it to be another dimension and I was a player in a sort of game or contest. I was a little monster like the one in the room and there were others like me. We were traveling around this world we were in collecting bits of information that we were using to create odd, flower-like sculptures, they seemed to be of cloth and metal and were as big as houses. The one of us who made the one most beautiful would win a prize. I thought I was doing well at both building my project and at hindering others from building theirs.

5

That went on for a while and I woke.



"For some unspecified reason, Ellis would begin gyrating and slobbering each time he heard *Karma To Burn's* # 19."

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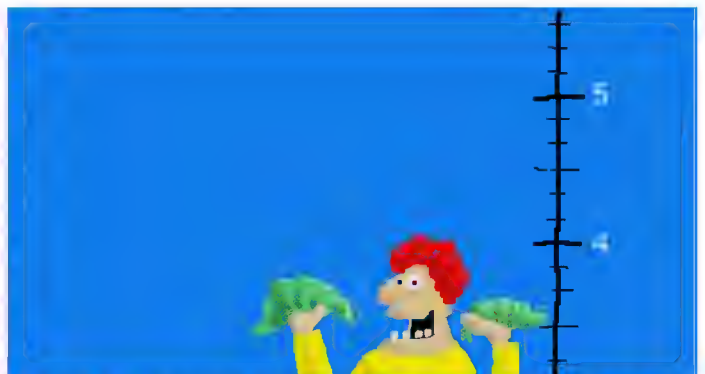
VIC TAYBECK WAS HOT IN THE 1960s. WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE NOW WILL ASTOUND YOU!

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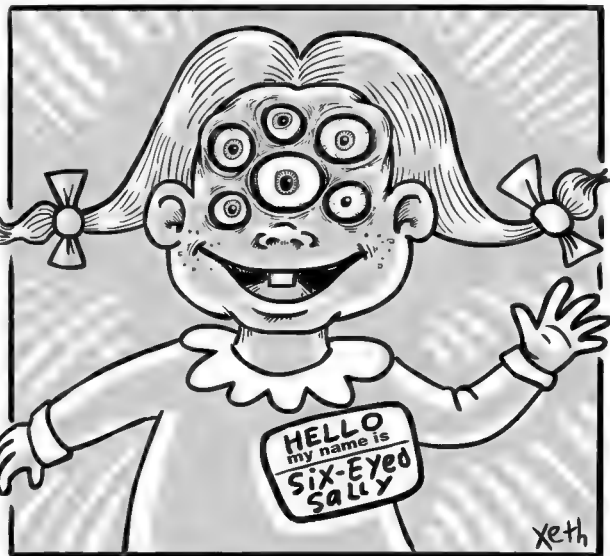
THIS MUSICIAN GOT PLASTIC SURGERY TO BECOME A JIM CROCE TRIBUTE ACT. WHAT A DUMBASS!

classicrockphisher.net

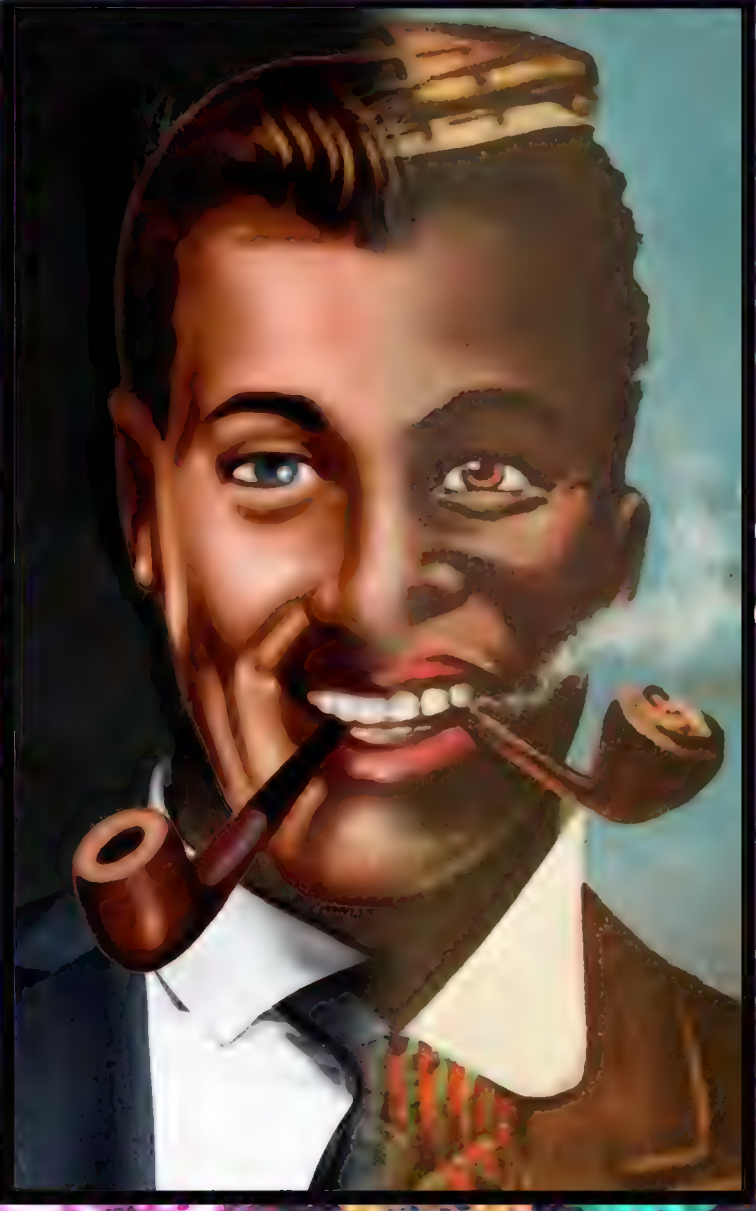
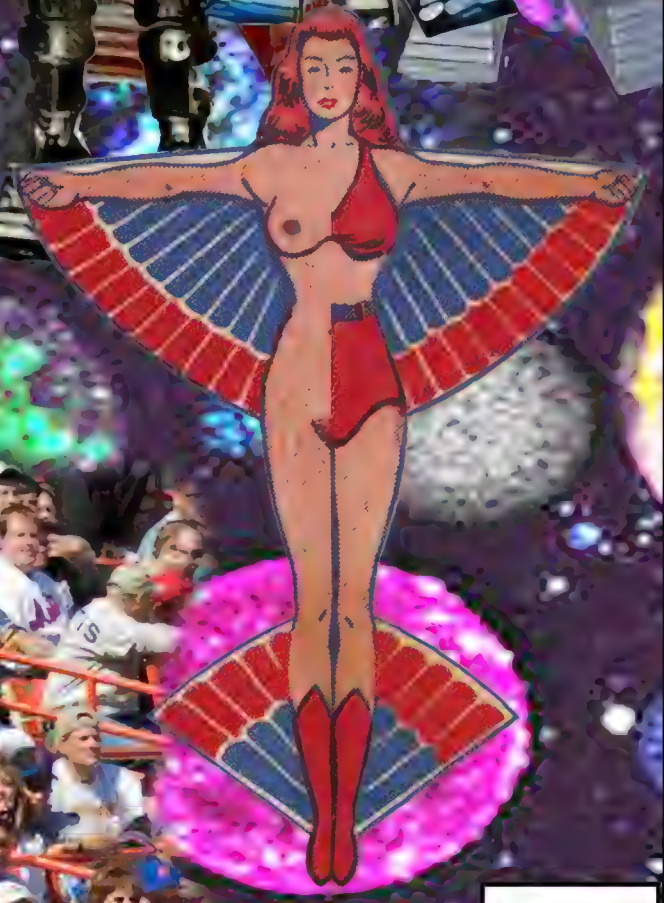
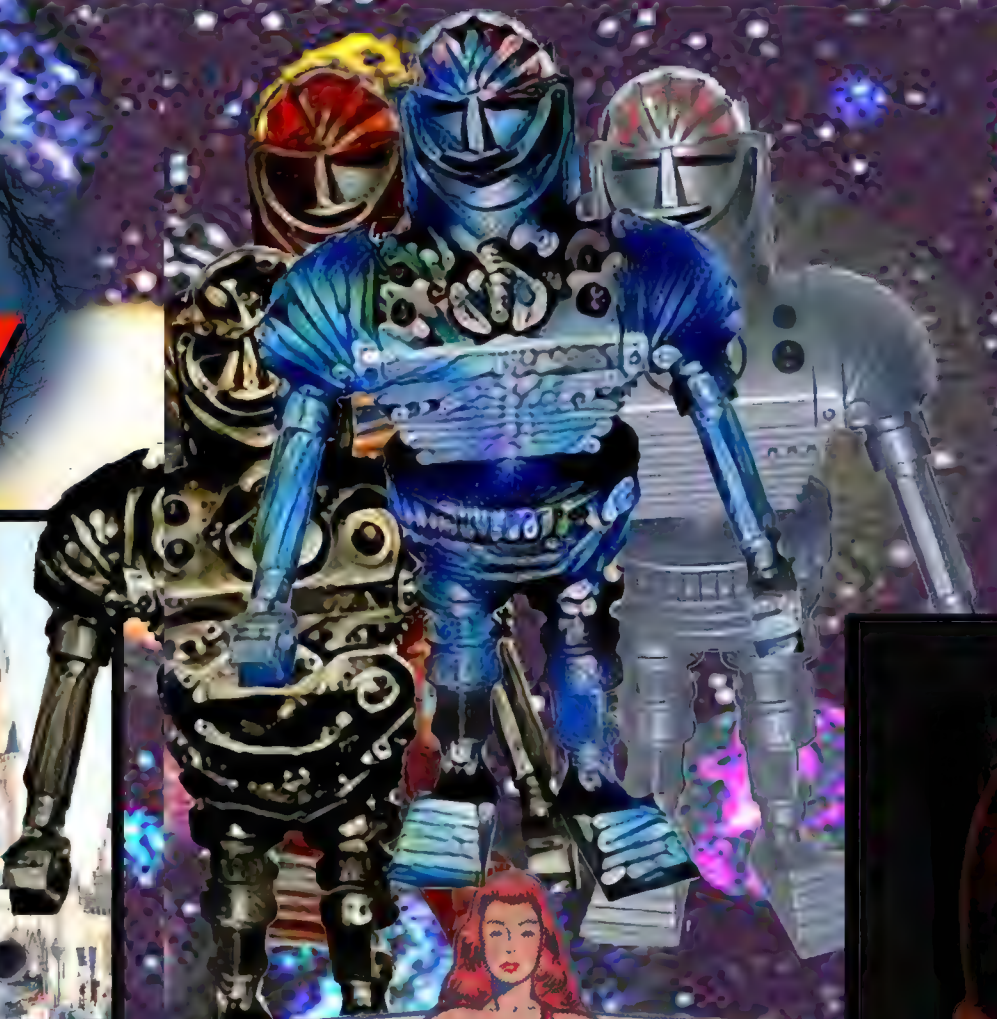


LOSE 4-6 INCHES OF UNWANTED HEIGHT JUST BY EATING THIS SURPRISING FOOD

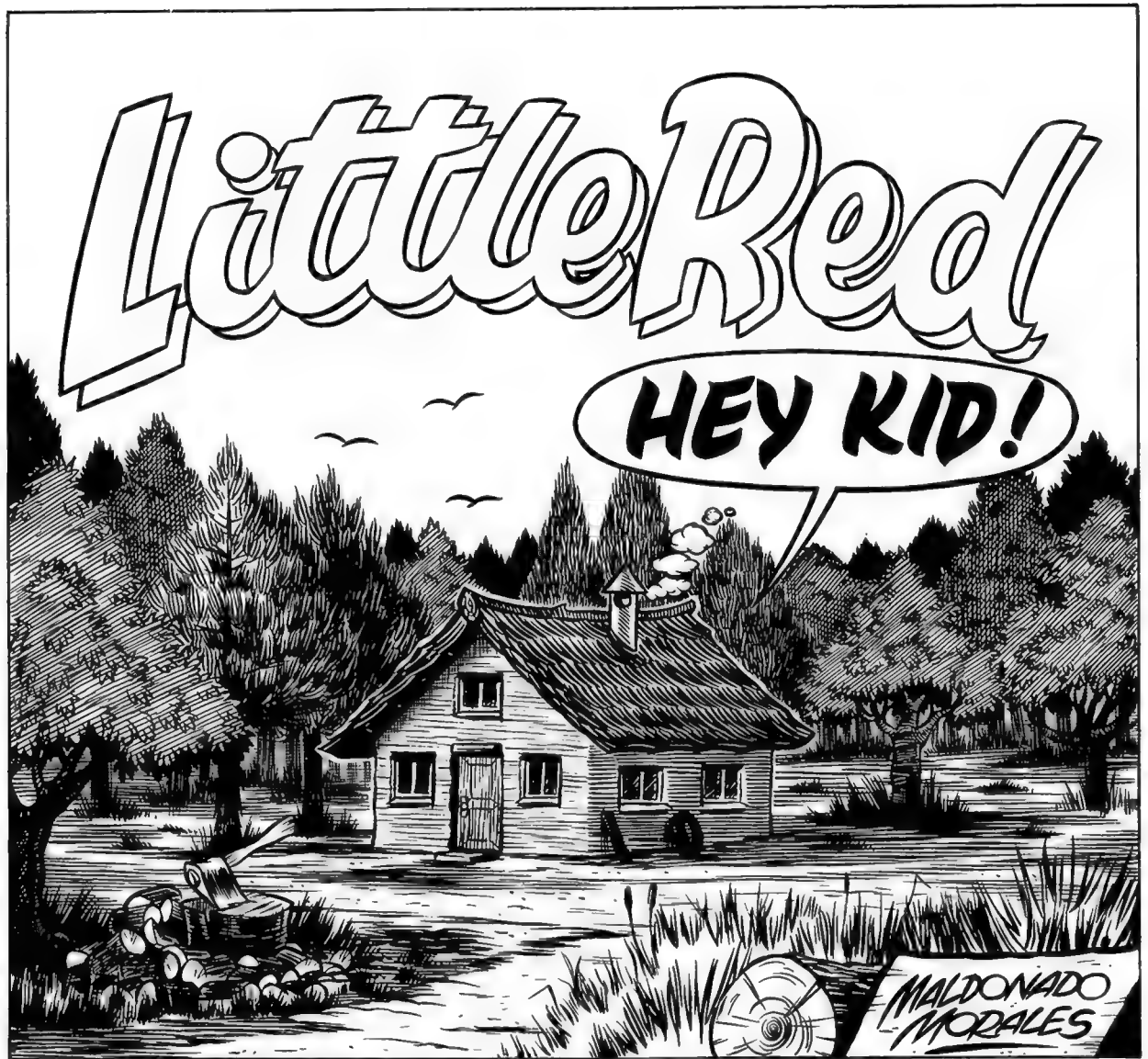
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ALTERNATE Universe!



SKD'17









TAXI DREAM



FEBRUARY 1, 1998

For some reason, I'm sitting in the back seat of a parked Taxi cab.

I'm Talking to some woman in the front.



She's a friend of mine but I don't think I know her. I'm not really even listening.



Some guy in a business suit runs up and asks directions.





HEY LADY! HOW DO I
GET TO STORROW?
I'M
STAYIN' AT THE
DOUBLE
TREE.

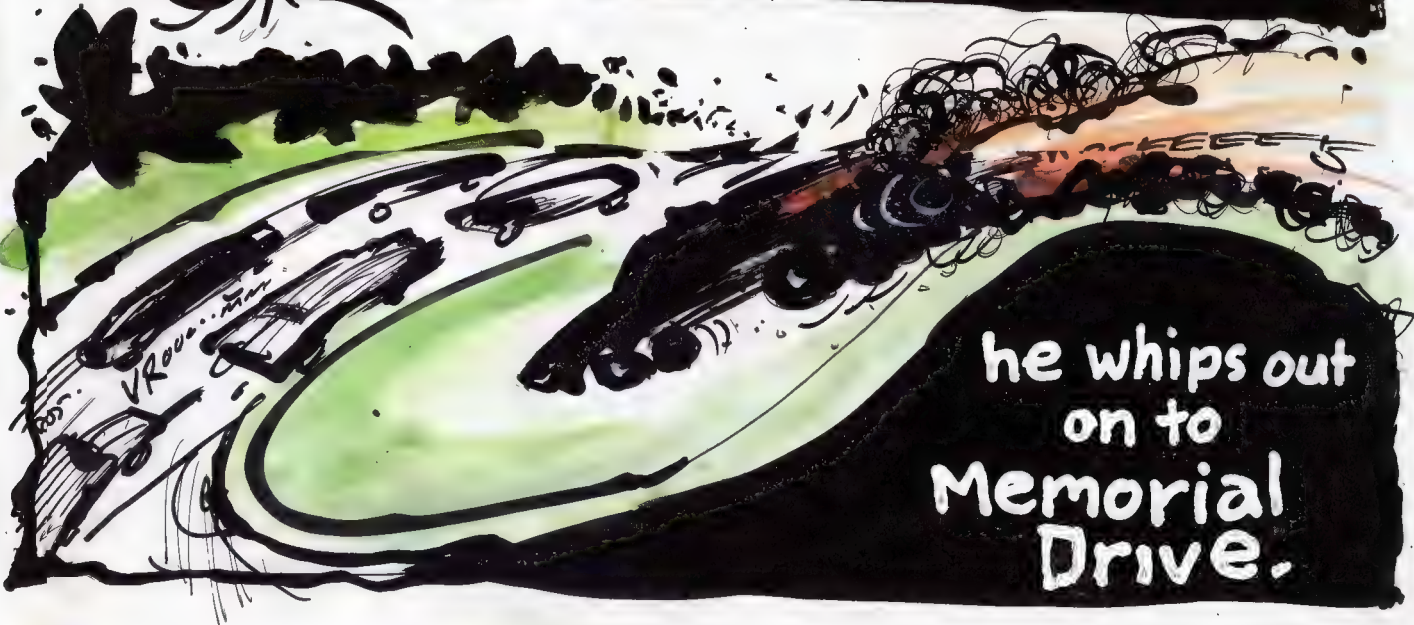


I DUNNO, ASK HIM!
HE'S THE DRIVER.



but the guy
just hi-
jock's
my cab.

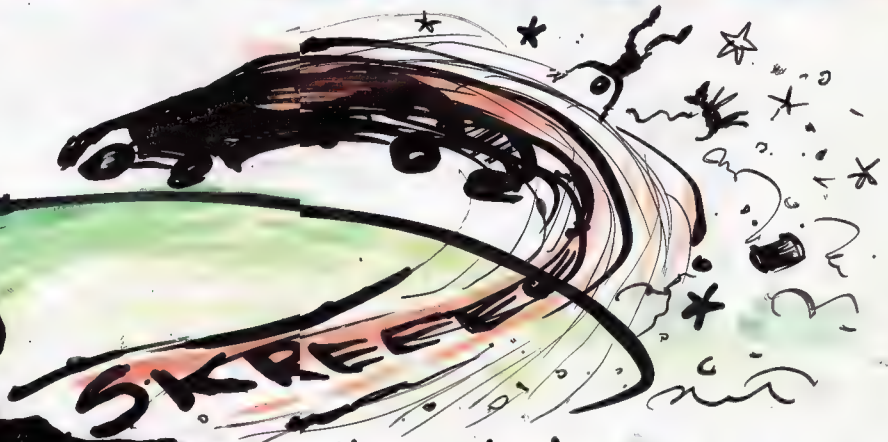
MOVE
OVER!
LET'S
GO!



he whips out
on to
Memorial
Drive.



but he drives erratically.
SO I
REACH
over and
grab the
keys



I kick the guy out



and the cars on the highway run him down.
His head explodes like a pumpkin.

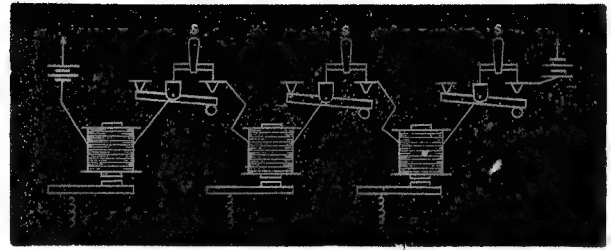
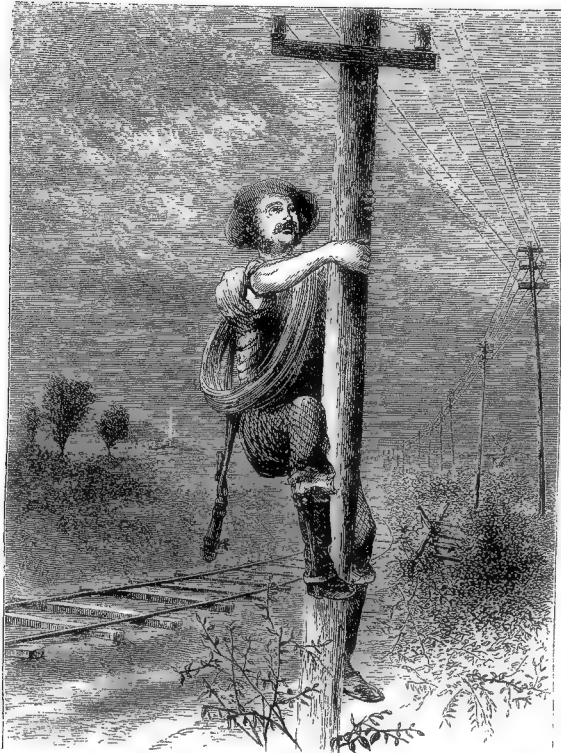


GOOD!
HE DESERVED
IT!

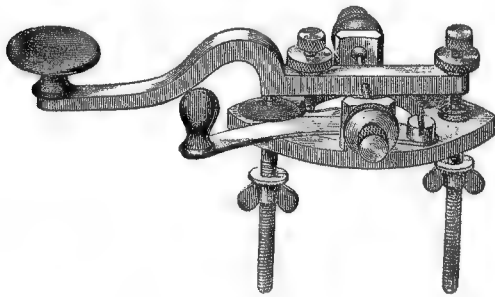


I look over to the woman
but the woman is gone.

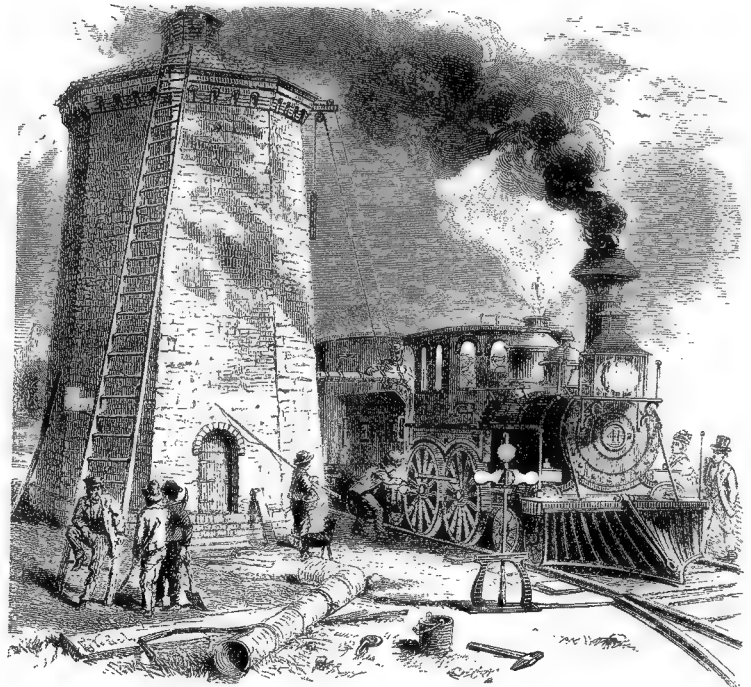


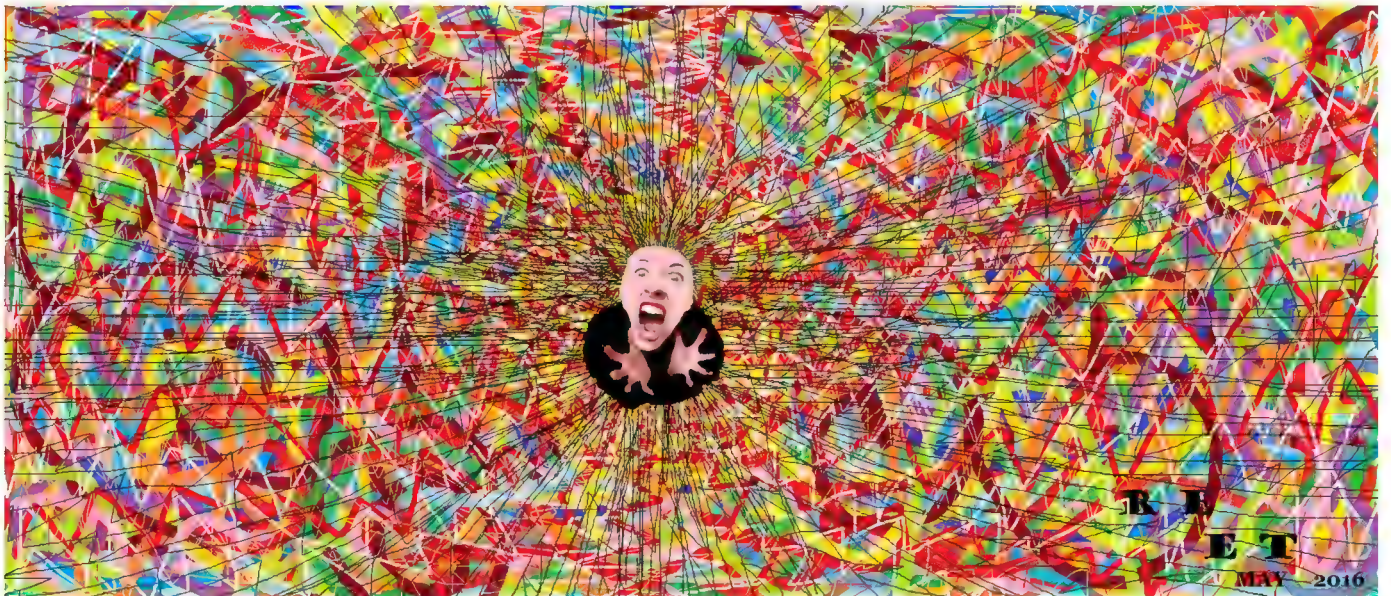


the administration of broken power
 when all the reckless headlamps have gone out
 and airplanes floating upward in the haze
 the careful registers kept neat with dutiful penmanship
 duty, obedience, the task responsible to order
 and all the telegraphs along the way fall silent
 when the old man finally went past in the black carriage
 and all the anatomies of light fell past in sovereign poverty
 the tracks silent in the molten iron god Aten
 the pyramid schemes at last folded
 the foundries shut, the ledger clasped –
 all those dutiful notations for the sirens of industry
 cast down like cinders onto the tracks
 and dreams of small boys climbing the embankments
 by the signal tower
 what at last these careful notations in the signal house
 these iron graves fallen on sterner times
 rusted cowlings along the right of way
 city to city in the stretch of all the ancient railways
 enmeshed with steam and Byzantine electricities
 and on cathedrals of wire strung against the long draw
 of magnetic North



THE SIGNAL-MAN.











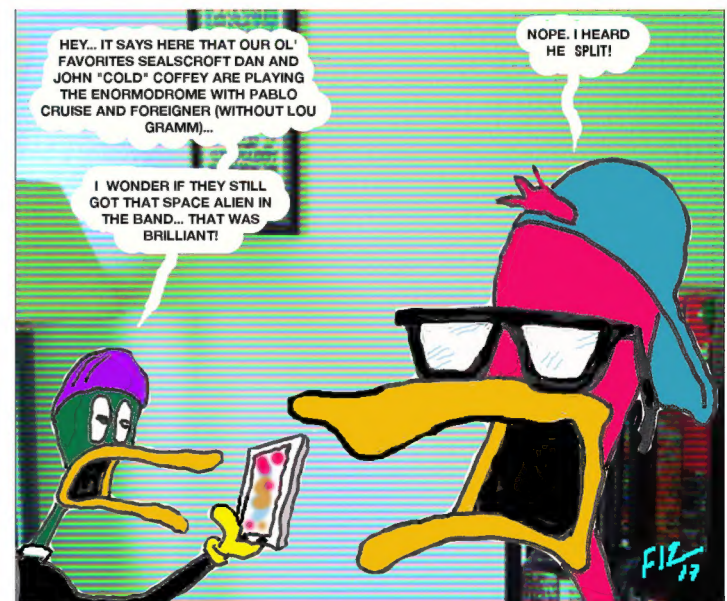


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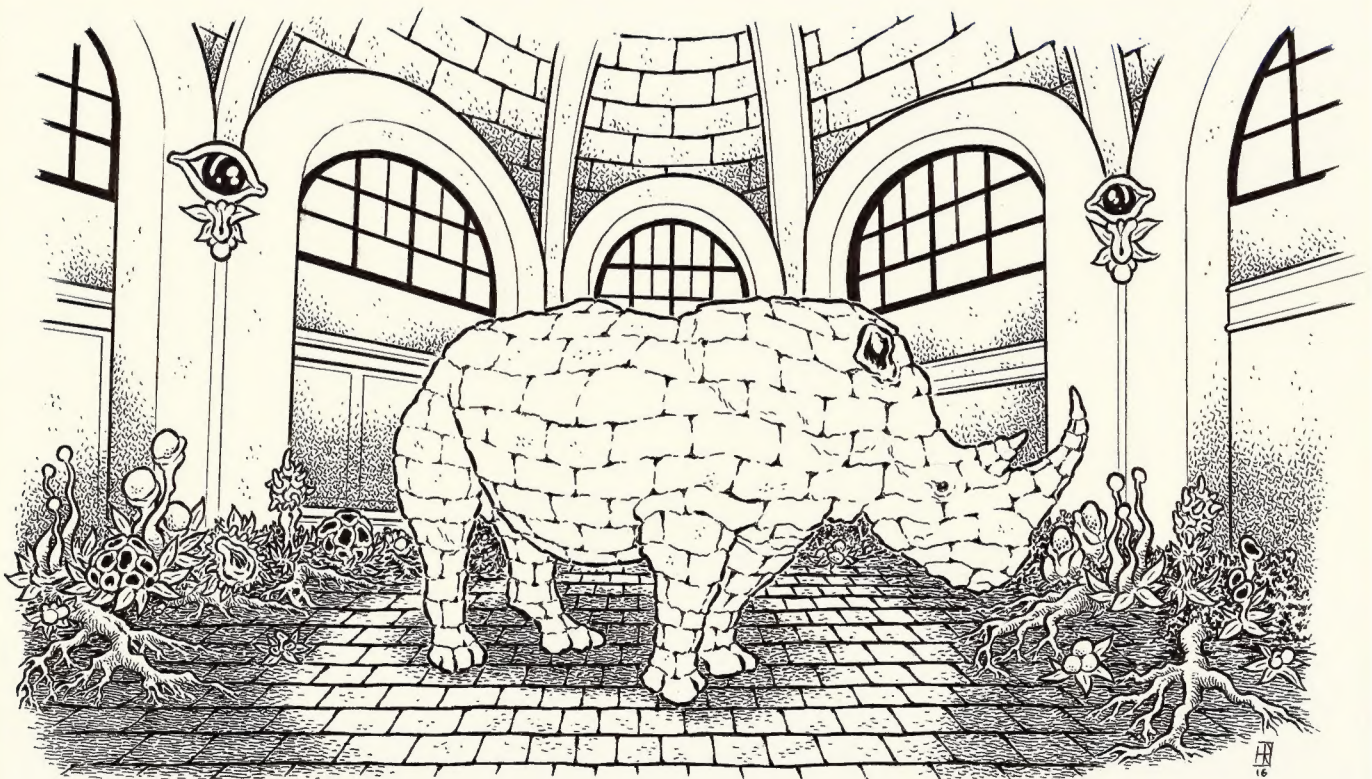
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69¢

GOOPERMAN'S
SIDE
PIECE

AUG.
NO. 27



BLOIS LANE



BLOIS--
YOU MARRY
ME!!!

ONLY A FREAK LIKE
JIZARRO-GOOPERMAN COULD
LOVE ME NOW THAT I HAVE A
GIANT TIT FOR A HEAD!

Featuring
**"BLOIS LANE'S
TIT-BRAIN!"**

LANGE

